

464
H O R A C E,

E P O D E II.

IMITATED.

Inscribed to ~~his~~ GRACE the
DUKE of *D O R S E T.*

By the Rev. SAMUEL SHEPHERD.



D U B L I N :

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER in *Essex-street,*
MDCCLIV.

H O R A C E

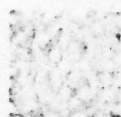
E P O D E M

L I M I T A T E D

Inscribed to his Grace the

Duke of Dorset.

By the Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON.



D U B L I N :

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER in the Strand.

MDCCLXV.

H O R A C E,

E P O D E II.

I M I T A T E D, &c.

H O R A T.

E P O D.

BEATUS ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,



Paterna rura Bonus exerceat suis,
Solutus omni sœnore :

A 3

Nec

H O R A C E,

E P O D E II.

THE PARSON'S blest, whose Living clear
 Brings him five hundred Pounds a Year :
 (Old Time might tell you, if he wou'd,
 When BISHOPRICKS were scarce so good ;
 And prove, if *Walcott's* Bill had past,
 They'd scarce be half so good at last.)

Snugg in his Parsonage, at Ease,
 He chats ; he studies ; or he prays :
 Landlord himself — the Glebe's his own ;
 He pays no Rent ; he fears no Dun ;
 And, if no Plough his Pastures see,
 The Parish plows — and why should He ?

Let

Nec excitatur classico miles truci,
Nec horret iratum mare;

Forumque vitat,

et superba civium

Potentiorum limina.

Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos ;
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,
Feliciores inferit ;

Aut in reductâ valle mugientium

Prospectat errantes greges ;
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris ;
Aut tondet infirmas oves.

Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput

Autumnus arvis extulit,
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
Certantem & uvam purpuræ,

Quâ muneretur te, Priape, & te, Pater
Sylvane, Tutor finium !

Libet

Let the Drum beat! the Trumpet found!
 His Lot is cast in peaceful Ground:
 Let the Winds rage! the Waters roar!
 His Foot is safely fix'd on Shore.

From Courts, Episcopal or Lay,
 Wisely he keeps his Steps away:
 Nor envies, in his Easy Chair,
 The Twelve-months Pride of my Lord May'r.

To OTHER Joys HIS Thoughts incline:
 Gently he trails the curling Vine;
 Marks if yon Peach unfruitful spread,
 And buds a better in its stead;
 Or, wildly scatter'd thro' the Vale,
 Hears the Cows lowing for the Pail;
 Or leaves his plunder'd Hive to mourn;
 Or sees his future Mutton shorn.

In Autumn, when his Orchards shed
 Their ripen'd Treasures round his Head,
 How pleas'd the gen'rous Pulp he tries!
 How well the flowing Vatt supplies!
 The Juice of his own Grafts refines!
 And makes it vie with *Gallick* Wines!
 Nectareous Juice! that might aspire
 To treat his Bishop, or his Squire!

Libet jacere modò sub antiqua Ilice,
 Modò in tenaci gramine :
 Labuntur altis interim rivis aquæ ;
 Queruntur in filvis aves ;
 Fontesque lymphis obstreperunt manantibus,
 Somnos quod invitet leves.

At cùm totantis annus hibernus Jovis
 Imbres nivesque comparat ;
 Aut trudit acres, hinc & hinc multâ cane,
 Apros in obstantes plagas ;
 Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
 Turdis edacibus dolos ;
 Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem,
 Jucunda captat præmia.

Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
 Hæc inter obliviscitur ?

Beneath an Oak, what need he spread
 His Limbs? or make the Grass his Bed?
 Won't Cushions in his Arbour plac'd
 Invite to Study? or to Rest?
 Friend of his Solitude, the Dove
 Cooes from the Depth of yonder Grove:
 His noisy Shores if LIFFY beats,
 Eccho the soften'd Sound repeats;
 And penn'd, as gentle Murmurs creep,
 His Sermons must invite to Sleep.

When Frost the struggling Earth enchains,
 And Snow's white Mantle spreads the plains;
 The leaden Death he points aright,
 Short'ning the giddy Woodcock's flight.
 The wiley Fox if Hounds pursue,
 Or keep the trembling Puss in View;
 He mounts his Grey, in sober Sort,
 And, free from Falls, enjoys the Sport :]
 Safe on some Spot of rising Ground,
 His Eye surveys the Country round;
 Catches each Double of the Chase;
 Sees, when her Pantings thick encrease;
 Then spurs his willing Steed, to share
 The Glory - - - and secure the Hare.

Thus easy, need his Passions rove?
 Or what has *he* to do with Love?

But

Quod si pudica mulier in partem juve

Domum atque dulces Liberos,

(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus

Pernicis uxor Appuli)

Sacrum vetustis extruat lignis focum,

Lassi sub adventum viri :

Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus,

Distenta ficcet ubera :

Et horna dulci vina promens dolio

Dapes ineptas apparet :

Non me

Lucrina juverint conchyliis,

Magis've rhombus, aut scari,

Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus

Hiems ad hoc vertat mare :

Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,

Non attagen Ionicus

Jucundior,

But, if a chaste and tender Wife
 (Some *Kitty* copied to the Life;
 Just such as She, when Fortune clear
 Winds up the Bottom of the Year;
 And hope of Plenty takes the Part
 Of her just, frugal, gen'rous Heart)
 When he returns from riding round
 Chill'd with the Tempest, or half drown'd;
 Hastes, with each prating Girl and Boy
 To meet him with a Kiss of Joy;
 Fans the brisk Fire; relieves his Toil;
 And gives his Guests a welcome Smile;
 Helps round her unbought Boil'd and Roast;
 And urges free the temp'rate Toast:
 Who wou'd not find an higher Feast
 In one such Joint of honest Taste,
 Than all the pamp'ring Pride of Books?
 And all the Masquerade of Cooks?
 And all the Sawces, they retail
 To mingle Death with ev'ry Meal?

Not the best Dainties of the Main;
 Not Turbot, jellied in Champagne;
 Not All, the inland Game supplies;
 Not Ortolans; nor Partridge-pies;
 Try'd in this Scale, wou'd weigh one Farthing,
 Bought for the *Club*; — and cook'd by *Bardin*.

Jucundior,

quàm lecta de pinguissimis

Oliva ramis arborum :

Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, & gravi

Malvæ salubres corpori :

Vel agnæ festis cæsa Terminalibus ;

Vel hœdus ereptus lupo.

Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves

Videre properantes domum !

Positosque vernas, ditis examen domûs

Circùm renidentes lares !

Give me a Shoulder, or a Chine,
 That never tasted Grass but mine!
 Be mine the Chickens! and the Ham!
 The young-egg'd Fowl! or Christmas Lamb!
 The plump round Pig, as white as Snow!
 (No matter, whether Tyth'd or no)
 Sallad, and Greens! for Health, and Use,
 The best my Garden can produce!
 These! and a Pudding for the Boys!
 Can Luxury give equal Joys?

Then, when the chaste Repast is o'er,
 And Friendship asks a Toast no more;
 Suffic'd; not fated: how sedate,
 He draws off to his learn'd Retreat!
 Where the wise Rules, by Sages, shown
 He ponders, or reviews his own!
 Some fav'rite Author's Thread pursues;
 Or courts the inoffensive Muse!

Chear'd, or improv'd; his infant Train
 Invite him to a softer Scene:
 And blending Innocence with Mirth,
 He blesses the Parental Hearth.
 His Servants from their Work retire;
 Crowding they close the Kitchen-fire:
 Indulge their Jokes: and as they please,
 Soften their Industry by Ease.

So

Hæc ubi locutus

scenerator Alphius,

Jam jam futurus rusticus :

Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam

Quarit

Calendis ponere.

So *Shepherd* sung: and so sincere,
That, what he sung, he'd almost swear.

Mix me, oh! mix me with this Tribe!
Make *Me* the Parson I describe!
Like *Alphius*! if my Heart's so mean
To barter Happiness for Gain!
If e'er new Projects I explore!
Or wander for Contentment more!
If e'er! - - - Unless, in some good Time,
Unteiz'd by Friends; un-plagu'd by Rhyme;
(To bless six Children and a Wife,
The Comforts, but the Cares, of Life;)
Your GRACE, in Bounty, shou'd think fitting
To grant my Age a *Stall* to sit in.

14th April, 1753.

F I N I S.

[18]

So sweetly sung: and so sincere,
That what he sung, he'd almost swear.

Mix me, oh! mix me with this Tribe!

Make me the Parson I describe!

Like a young man, if my Heart's so true,

To partake Happiness for Gain!

It's a new Project I explore!

Or wander for Conventions more!

It's a new Project, in some good Time,

United by Friends, and separated by Rhyme;

(To bless his Children and a Wife,

The Comfort, but not the Life.)

Your Grace, in Poverty, should think fitting

To grant my Age a Stake to sit in.

14th April, 1755.

F I N I S

T. M.